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## SYNOPSIS.

Christopher Bellew, a tenderfoot, starts for the Klondike in a gold rush and plucky works at the back breaking trail of packing freight.

He meets a beautiful girl, Joy Gastell, deserts his own party, and he and Shorty, a new acquaintance, hike out to two wealthy prospectors. Joy has nicknamed him "Smoke."

Smoke and Shorty befriend a man named Brock and nearly perish in attempting to cross Lake Lebarge because of the unseasonable of their employers.

Smoke and Shorty take command by force and get through to Dawson City, where they are discharged. On Brock's tip they stampede for Squaw Creek.

They overtake Joy Gastell and her father. They help the old man crowd Joy treacherously leads them away from Squaw Creek.

Smoke saves the girl's feet from freezing. He and Shorty by mistake jump a miner's claim and lose it. Then Smoke finds Surprise lake, the bottom of which is covered with gold.

Smoke is shot at, witnesses the murder of a miner by the unknown marksmen and is arrested for murder himself.

Brock shows a surprise lake sunset, the imprudent court is stampeded, and Smoke's life is saved. Smoke wins money at roulette.

He continues to win, and the gamblers buy him off. His system was based on the discovery that the roulette wheel was warped.

On the smooth stretch of ice beside the trading post at Sixty Mile Smoke overtook two more sleds. All had just changed teams, and for five minutes they ran abreast, each man on his knees and pouring whip and voice into the maddened dogs. But Smoke had studied out that portion of the trail, and now marked the tall pine on the bank that showed faintly in the light of the many fires. Below that pine was not merely darkness, but an abrupt cessation of the smooth stretch. There the trail, he knew, narrowed to a single sled width. Leaning out ahead, he caught the last rope and drew his leaping sled up to the wheel dog. He caught the animal by the hind legs and threw it. With a snarl of rage it tried to slash him with its fangs, but was dragged on by the rest of the team. Its body proved an efficient brake, and the other teams, still abreast, dashed ahead into the darkness for the narrow way.

Smoke heard the crash and uproar of their collision, released his wheeler, sprang to the gap pole and urged his team to the right into the soft snow, where the straining animals wallowed to their necks. It was exhausting work, but he won by the tangled teams and gained the hard packed trail he found.

On the relay out of Sixty Mile Smoke had next to his poorest team, and, though the going was good, he had set it a short fifteen miles. Two more teams would bring him into Dawson and to the gold recorder's office, and Smoke had selected his best animals for the last two stretches. Sitka Charley himself waited with the eight Malemutes that would jerk Smoke along for twenty miles, and for the finish, with a fifteen mile run, was his own team.

The gray twilight of morning was breaking as he exchanged his weary dogs for the eight fresh Malemutes. Sitka Charley called out the order of the teams ahead. Big Olaf led, Arizona Bill was second, and Von Schroeder third. These were the three best men in the country. In fact, ere Smoke had left Dawson, the popular betting had placed them in that order.

As daylight strengthened Smoke caught sight of a sled ahead, and in half an hour his own lead dog was leaping at its tail. Not until the man turned his head to exchange greetings did Smoke recognize him as Arizona Bill. Von Schroeder had evidently passed him. The trail, hard packed, ran too narrowly through the soft snow, and for another half hour Smoke was forced to stay in the rear. Then they topped a low rise and struck a smooth stretch below, where were a number of relay camps and where the snow was packed widely. On his knees, swinging his whip and yelling, Smoke drew abreast of Arizona Bill, then pulled ahead.

Bill dropped behind very slowly, though when the last relay station was in sight he was fully half a mile in the rear. Ahead, bunched together, Smoke could see Big Olaf and Von Schroeder. Again Smoke arose to his knees, and he lifted his lead dog into a burst of speed such as a man only can who has the proper instinct for dog driving. He drew up close to the tail of Von Schroeder's sled, and in this order the three sleds dashed out on the smooth going below a jam, where many men and many dogs waited. Dawson was fifteen miles away.

Von Schroeder, with his ten mile relay, had changed five miles ahead. So he held on, keeping his dogs at full leap. Big Olaf and Smoke made flying changes, and his fresh teams immediately recalled what had been lost to the team. Big Olaf led past, and Smoke followed into the narrow trail beyond.

Of Von Schroeder, now behind, he had no fear, but ahead was the great sled dog driver in the country. To pass him seemed impossible. Again and again, many times, Smoke forced his leader to the other's sled tail, and each time Big Olaf led out another link and drew away. Smoke hung on grimly. The race was not lost until one or the other won, and in fifteen miles many things could happen.

Three miles from Dawson something did happen. To Smoke's surprise Big Olaf rose up and with oaths and jeers

er proceeded to fetch out the last ounce of effort in his animals. It was a spurt that should have been reserved for the last hundred yards instead of being begun three miles from the finish. Sheer dog killing that it was, Smoke followed.

They topped a small jam and struck the smooth going below. A sled shot out from the side and drew in toward him, and Smoke understood Big Olaf's terrible spurt. He had tried to gain a lead for the change. This fresh team that waited to jerk him down the home stretch had been a private surprise of his.

Smoke strove desperately to pass during the exchange of sleds. With



Foot by Foot Big Olaf Drew Away Until He Led by a Score of Yards.

urging and pouring of leather he went to the side and on until his lead dog was jumping abreast of Big Olaf's wheeler. On the other side, abreast, was the relay sled. At the speed they were going Big Olaf did not dare try the flying leap. If he missed and fell off Smoke would be in the lead, and the race would be lost.

For half a mile the three sleds tore and bounced along side by side. The smooth stretch was nearing its end when Big Olaf took the chance. As the flying sleds swerved toward each other he leaped, and the instant he struck he was on his knees, with whip and voice spurring the fresh team. The smooth stretch pinched out into the narrow trail, and he jumped his dogs ahead and into it with a lead of barely a yard.

A man was not beaten until he was beaten, was Smoke's conclusion, and drive no matter how, Big Olaf failed to shake him off. No team Smoke had driven that night could have stood such a killing pace and kept up with fresh dogs—no team save this one. Nevertheless the pace was killing it, and as they began to round the bluff at Klondike City he could feel the pitch of strength going out of his animals. Almost imperceptibly they lagged, and foot by foot Big Olaf drew away until he led by a score of yards.

A great cheer went up from the population of Klondike City assembled on the ice. Here the Klondike entered the Yukon, and half a mile away, across the Klondike, on the north bank, stood Dawson. An outburst of madder cheering arose, and Smoke caught a glimpse of a sled shooting out to him. He recognized the splendid animals that drew it. They were Joy Gastell's, and Joy Gastell drove them. Mittens had been disengaged, and with bare hands she clung to whip and sled.

"Jump!" she cried as her leader started at Smoke's.

Smoke struck the sled behind her. It reeled violently from the impact of his body, but she was full up on her knees and evading the whip.

"Hi! You! Mush on! Chook! Chook!" she was crying, and the dogs whined and yelped in eagerness of desire and effort to overtake Big Olaf.

And then as the lead dog caught the tail of Big Olaf's sled and yard by yard drew up abreast the great crowd on the Dawson bank went mad.

"When you're in the lead I'm going to drop off!" Joy cried out over her shoulder. "And watch out for the dip curve halfway up the bank!" she warned.

Dog by dog, separated by half a dozen feet, the two teams were running abreast. Big Olaf, with whip and voice, held his own for a minute. Then slowly, an inch at a time, Joy's leader began to forge past.

"Get ready!" she cried to Smoke. "I'm going to leave you in a minute. Get the whip."

And as he shifted his hand to clutch the whip he heard Big Olaf roar a warning, too late. His lead dog, unheeding at being passed, swerved to the attack. His fangs struck Joy's leader on the flank. The rival teams flew at one another's throats. The sleds overran the fighting brutes and capsize. Smoke struggled to his feet and tried to lift Joy up. But she thrust him from her crying.

On foot, already fifty feet in advance, was Big Olaf, still intent on finishing the race. Smoke obeyed, and when the two men reached the foot of the Dawson bank he was at the other's heels. But on the bank Big Olaf lifted his body hugely, retaining a dozen feet.

Five blocks down the main street was the gold recorder's office. Not so easily this time did Smoke gain to his giant rival, and when he did he was unable to pass. Side by side they ran along the narrow aisle between the solid walls of cheering men. Now one, now the other, with great convulsive jerks, gained an inch or so, only to lose it immediately after.

If the pace had been a killing one for their dogs, the one they now set themselves was no less so. But they were racing for \$1,000,000 and the greatest honor in the Yukon country.

Smoke felt himself involuntarily lag, and Big Olaf sprang a full stride in the lead. To Smoke it seemed that his heart would burst, while he had lost all consciousness of his legs. He knew they were flying under him, but he did not know how he continued to make them fly, nor how he put even greater pressure of will upon them and compelled them again to carry him to his giant competitor's side.

The open door of the recorder's office appeared ahead of them. Both men made a final, futile spurt. Neither could draw away from the other, and side by side they hit the doorway, collided violently, and fell headlong on the office floor.

They sat up, but were too exhausted to rise. Big Olaf, the sweat pouring from him, breathing with tremendous, painful gasps, panted the air vainly tried to speak. Then he reached out his hand with unmistakable meaning. Smoke extended his, and they shook.

"It's a dead heat," Smoke could hear the recorder saying, but it was as if in a dream. "And all I can say is that you both win. You'll have to divide the claim between you. You're partners."

Big Olaf nodded his head with great emphasis and spluttered. At last he got it out.

"You d—n cheater," was what he said, but in the saying of it was admiration. "I don't know how you done it, but you did!"

Smoke and Big Olaf essayed to rise, and each helped the other to his feet. Smoke found his legs weak under him and staggered drunkenly. Big Olaf tottered toward him.

"I'm sorry my dogs jumped yours."

"It couldn't be helped," Smoke panted back. "I heard you yell."

"Say," Big Olaf went on, with shining eyes, "that girl—she d—d fine girl, eh?"

"One d—d fine girl!" Smoke agreed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## The Adventure With the Little Man.

"I wish you wasn't so set in your ways," Shorty murmured. "I'm sure ought to be a glacier. No man ought to tuckle it by his lonely."

Smoke laughed cheerfully and ran his eye up the glistening face of the tiny glacier that filled the head of the valley. "Here it is August already, and the days have been getting shorter for two months," he epitomized the situation. "You know quarters, and I don't."

He turned and started. "I got a hunch something's going to happen," Shorty pleaded after him. But Smoke's reply was a bawling laugh. He held on down the little valley, occasionally wiping the sweat from his forehead, the while his feet crushed through ripe mountain raspberries and delicate fruits that grew beside patches of sun sheltered ice.

In the early spring he and Shorty had come to the Stewart river and branched out into the amazing chaos of the region where Surprise lake lay. And all of the spring and half of the summer had been consumed in futile wanderings, when, on the verge of turning back, they caught their first glimpse of the boiling gold bottomed sheet of water which had lured and fooled a generation of miners.

Making their camp in the old cabin which Smoke had discovered on his previous visit, they learned three things—first, heavy nugget gold was carpeted thickly on the lake bottom; next, the gold could be mined in the shallower portions, but the temperature of the water was man killing, and, finally, the draining of the lake was too stupendous a task for two men in the shorter half of a short summer. Undeterred, reasoning from the coarseness of the gold that it had not traveled far, they had set out in search of the mother lode. They had crossed the big glacier that frowned on the southern rim and devoted themselves to the puzzling maze of small valleys and canyons beyond, which, by most mountain-like methods, drained, or shed at one time drained, into the lake.

The valley Smoke was descending gradually widened after the fashion of any normal valley, but at the lower end it pinched narrowly between high, precipitous walls and abruptly stopped in a cross wall. At the base of this, in a welter of broken rock, the streamlet disappeared, evidently finding its way out underground.

Climbing the cross wall, from the top Smoke saw the lake beneath him. Unlike any mountain lake he had ever seen, it was not blue. Instead its intense peacock green tokened its shallowness. It was this shallowness that made its draining feasible. All about arose jumbled mountains, with ice scarred peaks and crags, grotesquely shaped and grouped. All was topsy turvy and unsystematic—a Dore night-mare.

(Continued next week)

## MANY PEOPLE DON'T KNOW

A sluggish liver can cause a person an awful lot of misery. Spells of dizziness, headaches, constipation and biliousness are sure signs that your liver needs help. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills and see how they help tone up the whole system. Fine for the stomach too. Aids digestion. Purifies the blood and clears the complexion. Only 25c. at your Druggist. —Adv. 2

MICHIGAN NEWS  
ITEMS IN BRIEF

## Paragraphs of Interest to Wolverine State Readers.

News of All Kinds Gathered From Various Points in the State and So Reduced in Size That It Will Appeal to All Classes of Readers.

Michael St. Peter, who was former merchant of Menominee, is dead at Norway, Mich.

Mrs. Maggie Mason, 78 years, lifelong resident of Rochester and vicinity, is dead of paralysis.

The Menominee county infirmary is completed at a cost of \$35,000. Fifty-eight inmates can be cared for.

Joseph Kruszewski, a Detroit banker, was mysteriously shot and killed in his private bank on West Jefferson avenue.

Mrs. A. Warnhoff, Ann Arbor, was terribly burned when her clothing caught fire as she tried to fight a fire with the aid of kerosene oil.

Dr. W. Wilson died at Grand Lodge following a six months' illness. He was postmaster for six years and a former member of the board.

C. Anderson, 70, was instantly killed by a Grand Truck switch engine at Bay City. Anderson was driving a horse which escaped unhurt.

Fire from wiring damaged the stock of the F. W. Woolworth company's store at Owosso to the extent of about \$5,000, and the building about \$1,000.

Forty-one mothers of 130 children are receiving pensions totaling \$157.50 a week in Menominee county under the Michigan mothers' pension act.

Eight of a fine herd of Guernsey cattle owned by J. R. Frank, prominent farmer and live stock raiser of Lake Linden, have been killed. The cattle were declared tubercular.

Seven persons fatally hurt and thirty-three injured resulted from the careless use of gasoline and kerosene during January, according to the monthly report of State Fire Marshal.

Flint's record pay day, when shops paid more than a half million dollars in wages for the last half of January, was followed by a busy night for pickpockets, hold-ups, hangar snatchers and petty thieves.

Washington report says the treasury conscience fund was enriched by contribution of two ten-cent pieces from an unknown person in Michigan, who suggested they be used to support a minister of the gospel.

Worry over being a witness in an assault and battery case, in which he had hired another to whip his son, caused Joseph Stecher, fifty-four years old and well known grocer, to hang himself at Menominee.

Warren S. Carpenter, of Menominee, receives \$15,000 by the terms of the will of Sarah A. Carpenter, who died in Milwaukee. Mrs. Carpenter had been ill for fifteen years and four nurses, who have cared for her, were remembered with \$19,000.

Two big mining companies at Calumet have posted notices to their employees of a 10 per cent bonus to be paid February 29 on wages for January. These companies have been paying 5 per cent bonuses since July.

Forteen hundred men are affected. Mrs. Mary Campau, member of the well known Campau family of Michigan, mother of F. D. Campau and D. S. Campau, a leading criminal attorney and architect, respectively, of Grand Rapids, was found in her apartment at Detroit strangled by a strip of bed sheet.

Wm. T. Mitchell, aged 98, United States consul at Quebec during the administration of President Cleveland, died at his home at Port Huron. For many years he was judge of the circuit court there and is said to have been the oldest Masonic pastmaster in the United States.

A cross between the coyote and the timber wolf is increasing in such numbers in the upper peninsula of Michigan that unless some measures are taken to exterminate it, it will soon outnumber the deer, is the prediction of Paul Opitz, veteran hunter and trapper, who lives near Hanley.

"Let every one keep away from patent medicines—and see a doctor." That is a nutshell is the advice to Michigan people afflicted with tuberculosis by Secretary John L. Burkard, of the state board of health, to prevent a recurrence of the Battle Creek epidemic in which the seller of a certain symptom postcard was arrested.

Joseph Shaver, who ran away in 1914, with Edith Shaver, the then fourteen-year-old daughter of his first cousin, acknowledged his sin and threw himself upon the mercy of the superior court at Grand Rapids in a desperate effort to save his home and his child wife and their eighteen-month-old baby from a future without hope.

Barney and Bertha Liskow were married thirteen years ago and are the parents of six children. Barney, during the years of married life, has saved nearly \$2,000 on wages of \$1.70 a day and his wife, who scrubs, has managed to save \$600. The court at Menominee has told them if they don't quit quarreling over their money he will commit them to a state hospital.

## BABY'S SKIN TROUBLES.

Pimples—Eruptions—Eczema quickly yield to the soothing and healing qualities of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. No matter where located, how bad or long standing, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment will remove every trace of the ailment. It will restore the skin to its natural softness and purity. Don't let your child suffer—don't be embarrassed by having your child's face disfigured with blemishes or ugly scars. Use Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Its guaranteed. No cure, no pay. 50c. at your Druggist.—Adv. 2

## Legal Notices

STATE OF MICHIGAN IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE

IN CHANCERY

In re proceedings for the dissolution of Chippewa Construction Company, Inc., Intervening Judgment Creditors Bill of John McBride and Jack Giffert et al. vs. Chippewa Construction Co., No. 4237.

NOTICE OF CHANCERY SALE

In pursuance of an order of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne in Chancery made and entered on the 12th day of November, A. D. 1915, and of a supplementary order dated January 15th, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled cause, the undersigned Receiver of said Chippewa Construction Company, a Michigan corporation, will sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder at the southerly or Congress Street entrance of the Wayne County Building in the City of Detroit in said County of Wayne, on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock noon of said day, all of the property and assets of said Chippewa Construction Company, including real estate, and interest in real estate, all personal property, rights, franchises, accounts, things in action, and all and every description of property, whatsoever, belonging to said company, except cash in the hands of said Receiver.

Information as to the terms of the sale and detailed description of the property and assets of said Chippewa Construction Company can be obtained from the Receiver at its office, corner of Fort and Shelby Streets in said City of Detroit.

In further pursuance of said order of said court in said cause, said Receiver will within three days after such sale report to said court the result thereof and a hearing on such report will be had for the purpose of confirming the sale or otherwise on the second Saturday next after such sale at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon at the Circuit Court Room in said City of Detroit, before the Hon. Philip T. Van Zile, one of the Judges of said Court.

Detroit Trust Company Receiver Chippewa Construction Company 25-2

NOTICE OF HEARING ON CLAIMS.

NOTICE is hereby given that in further pursuance of the above mentioned order of said Circuit Court for the County of Wayne in Chancery in the above entitled cause, the undersigned Receiver of said Chippewa Construction Company will on or before January 29th, A. D. 1916, file with said court a report on the claims and demands against said corporation, filed with said court under the terms of an order of said court dated October 28th, A. D. 1915, together with its recommendations for allowance or disallowance of said claims, and a hearing on such report will be had before Henry G. Nicol, Esq., one of the Circuit Court Commissioners for County of Wayne on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1916 at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon, at his Court Room in the Wayne County Building in said City of Detroit, at which time any and all objections to the allowance or disallowance of claims must be presented.

Detroit Trust Company Receiver Chippewa Construction Company 25-2

STATE OF MICHIGAN IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE

IN CHANCERY

National Light &amp; Power Co., Complainant vs. Consolidated Light &amp; Power Co., Defendant.

No. 42483.

NOTICE OF CHANCERY SALE

In pursuance of an order of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne in Chancery made and entered on the 12th day of November, A. D. 1915, and of a supplementary order dated January 15th, 1916, in the above entitled cause, the undersigned Receiver of said Consolidated Light & Power Company, a Michigan corporation, will sell at public auction or vendue to the highest bidder at the southerly or Congress Street entrance of the Wayne County Building in the City of Detroit in said County of Wayne, on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1916, at 12:00 o'clock noon of said day, all of the property and assets of the said Consolidated Light & Power Company, including real estate and interest in real estate, all personal property, rights, franchises, accounts, things in action, and all and every description of property, whatsoever, belonging to said company, except cash in hands of said Receiver. Full information as to the terms of the sale and detailed description of the property and assets of the said Consolidated Light & Power Company can be obtained from the Receiver at its office, corner of Fort and Shelby Streets, in said City of Detroit.

In further pursuance of said order of said Court in this cause, said Receiver will within three days after such sale report to said court the result thereof, and a hearing on such report will be had for the purpose of confirming the sale or otherwise, on the second Saturday next after such sale at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon at the Circuit Court Room in the Wayne County Building, in the said City of Detroit, before the Honorable Philip T. Van Zile, one of the Judges of said Court.

Detroit Trust Company, Receiver Consolidated Light &amp; Power Co. 25-2

NOTICE OF HEARING ON CLAIMS.

NOTICE is hereby given that in further pursuance of the above mentioned order of said Circuit Court for the County of Wayne in Chancery in the above entitled cause, the undersigned Receiver of said Consolidated Light & Power Company will on or before January 29th, 1916, file with said court a report on the claims and demands against said corporation, filed with said court under the terms of an order of said court dated October 28th, A. D. 1915, together with its recommendations for allowance or disallowance of said claims, and a hearing on such report will be had before Henry G. Nicol, Esq., one of the Circuit Court Commissioners for County of Wayne on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1916 at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon, at his Court Room in the Wayne County Building in said City of Detroit, at which time any and all objections to the allowance or disallowance of claims must be presented.

Detroit Trust Company, Receiver Consolidated Light &amp; Power Co. 25-2

## Sharrar &amp; Wheeler

Real Estate, Loans  
and InsuranceOffer the Following For Sale  
or Exchange:

FIFTEEN fine building lots 1 block from Republic Truck Co. for sale cheap and on easy terms.

FINE Modern Resident property within 2 blocks of Postoffice.

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THREE new houses, one block from Republic Truck Co. all vacant for sale on easy terms.

TWO modern houses, fine location on easy terms.

THREE fine farms to exchange for stocks of goods, General store, Dry Goods or Clothing preferred.

EIGHTY acre farm, stock and tools, for sale or exchange. What have you got?

TWO 300 acre stock ranches to exchange for city property.

FORTY acres, 2 miles from Ithaca, for sale or exchange.

EIGHTY acres in New Haven township, for sale or exchange.

FINE pair of young heavy work horses, 2 cows and other property, will exchange for city property and pay difference.

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EIGHTY acres, one-half mile from Ithaca, for exchange for Alma or Ithaca property, Ithaca preferred.

BAKERY in good Gratiot town, doing good business. Will exchange.

TWELVE acre chicken farm near Alma, for sale or exchange, nicely located.

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If you have anything to Sell or Exchange, call and see us.

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Alma.

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CARL & STONE  
REAL ESTATE  
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If you have property to sell, or want to buy, give us a call.

Room 2, Pollasky Block, First Door East of Dr. Gardner  
ALMA, MICH.

## PLUMBING SERVICE

At this season of the year, and the season that will follow when a thaw will be followed by a freeze, good plumbing is most essential to the comfort of the home.

A telephone call will bring an experienced plumber to your home. He can make right anything that is wrong. Call us if your plumbing is causing trouble.

Bring us your plans and let us figure with you on Builders' Hardware.

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Lamps,  
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Agents for the—

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COALOnly the best grades of  
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A cheap, inferior coal  
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We do not aim to see  
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When you want Coal  
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